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South Brattleboro, Vermont. I have provided a large and well  
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kept on hand and dispensed all my medicines.

**Pure Matter for Vaccination.**  
**DANIEL KELLOGG,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
[Removed from State's River to Brattleboro, Vt.]  
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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
Office two doors West of the Bank, JAMAICA, VT.  
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Dealers in all kinds of  
Marble, Granite, Slate, &c., &c.,  
Two Doors South of the Bridge, Main St., BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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27 All kinds of Printing Paper made to order. Cash paid  
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Wholesale Dealers in  
Flour, Grain and Produce.  
No. 3 Black Block, ——— BRATTLEBORO, VT.  
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**JOSEPH STEEN & SON,**  
Bookbinders, Stationers and Stationery,  
Corner of Main and High Streets, ——— BRATTLEBORO, VT.  
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**CHAS. C. ELLIS,**  
Book-Binder & Book Manufacturer,  
Brick Block, three doors above the American House,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

**S. PIKE, RIFLE MAKER & GUNSMITH,**  
Will execute all orders for his line, either for MAKING OR  
PAIRING, which may be entrusted to his care. All  
work warranted to give satisfaction.  
Shop on Bridge-Street, 2 doors West of Court-Street,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

**S. A. MORSE & CO.'S**  
LIVERY STABLE,  
In the rear of the Brattleboro House,  
Main Street, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

**FAYETTEVILLE HOTEL,**  
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The best accommodations for Travelers and Visitors.  
Good stable connected with the house.

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Manufacturer and Dealer in Ladies' Gowns, Misses, Childrens  
and Boys'  
Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Rubbers,  
Opposite the Post Office, Main Street, ——— BRATTLEBORO.

**J. W. HOLTON, Apothecary and Druggist,**  
Patent Medicines,  
MAIN STREET, ——— BRATTLEBORO, VT.

**F. H. FESSENDEN,**  
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,  
Office Whittier's Stone Block.

The subscriber has the agency of the VT. MUTUAL FIRE  
INSURANCE COMPANY, with a Capital of \$1,000,000.  
Also the BRATTLEBORO FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE  
COMPANY, (stock with a Capital of \$100,000) a large  
surplus, and the NEW-YORK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
(stock with a Capital of \$1,000,000). He is also prepared to  
insure, if desired, in the AMERICAN INSURANCE CO.,  
Providence. Persons wishing to insure on property will do  
well to call on him before effecting the same. Insurance on  
LIFE may also be effected with him in the NATIONAL LIFE  
INSURANCE COMPANY, per term and to any amount  
not exceeding \$100,000 at one time. F. H. FESSENDEN,  
Brattleboro, January 6th, 1857.

**MEDICAL NOTICE.**  
**DR. C. W. HORTON,**  
Respectfully informs the inhabitants of Brattleboro and vicinity  
that he has established himself in the practice of **Physic**  
and **Surgery** in this place, hoping to receive a share of  
public patronage.  
27 Rooms in Block's Building, corner of Main and High  
Streets. Office in Block's Building, opposite the Post Office.  
Brattleboro, April 10th, 1858.

**THE PERIODICAL DEPT. HAS BEEN RE-**  
moved from opposite the American House to Block's  
Building, two doors north of the Brattleboro House, where a more  
extensive and better selected stock of Newspapers, News-  
papers, Miscellaneous Books, Stationery,  
Toys, and Fancy Articles, than ever before, will be  
kept. By  
J. E. CARPENTER,  
Brattleboro, Nov. 8th, 1855.

# The Vermont Phoenix.

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No. 6.

#### POETRY.

##### THE CORAL GROVE.

BY JAMES PERCIVAL.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple millet and gold fish rove,  
Where the sea-fowl spreads its leaves of blue,  
But never are met with fallen dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,  
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty silt;  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs where the tides and billows lift.  
The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and the waves are absent here,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air;  
There, with its waving blades of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
And the crimson leaf of the pulse is seen  
To blush like a banner bled in slaughter.  
There with a light and easy motion,  
The fan coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea,  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of the coral,  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone.  
And is safe when the writhing Spirit of storms  
Has made the toll of the waves his own.

##### THE SKATER'S SONG.

BY THE LATE REV. EPHRAIM PEARBODY.

Away! away! our first stream bright  
Along the frozen river;  
And their arrowy spears of brilliant light,  
And their forest branches quiver.  
Away, away, for the stars are forth,  
And on the pure snow of the valley,  
In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance—  
Come, let us our comrades rally.  
Away, away, o'er the sheeted lee,  
Away, away, we go;  
On our steel bound feet we move as fleet,  
As deer o'er the level snow.  
What though the sharp north winds are out;  
The skater heels them not;  
Mist the laugh and shout of the joyous rout,  
Gray winter is forgot.  
'Tis a pleasant sight, the joyous throng  
In the light of the reddening flame,  
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel,  
They wage their riotous game.  
And though the night air cutteth keen,  
And the white moon shineth coldly,  
Their homes, I ween, on the hills have been,  
They should breast the strong blast boldly.  
Let others choose more gentle sports,  
By the side of the winter's hearth;  
O'er the lamps of the festive hall  
Seek for their share of mirth.  
But for me, away! away!  
Where the fresh wind blows, and the smooth ice glows,  
There is the place for me.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### THE ROTHSCHILDS.

HISTORY OF A FAMILY OF BANKERS.

The season was September, 1797. The  
Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel saw the French revolu-  
tionary army approaching his dominions, and  
waving at his very frontiers. Hastily he packed  
up his jewels and valuables, together with  
between two and three millions of thalers, and  
took the way to the ancient city of Frankfurt,  
hoping to find means of placing his wealth and  
the jewels of his house in security.

Arrived at the city which, for centuries  
cent forth the rulers of the "holy Roman Em-  
pire," the fugitive Landgrave knocked at the  
door of an humble Jewish banker, Meyer Roths-  
child, richer in children than in thalers, but  
with a distinguished and experienced archi-  
tologist and numismatologist.

The sovereign who himself was an expert in  
these sciences, paid much respect to the knowl-  
edge of the Jew banker, and had actually a few  
years before, bestowed upon him the distinction  
of the title of "Medallist to his Court."

"Meyer," he began, as he handed him his  
well-filled case, "I know you to be honest and  
conscientious. Here is all I possess; take it,  
and return it to me when this tempest shall  
have blown over, and when better times dawn  
upon us."

"Such vast confidence does me great honor,"  
replied the Hebrew, "but your Highness must  
not forget that the republican army is almost  
before our doors."

"We are in the hands of Providence," re-  
plied the Landgrave; "I ask for no receipt."  
The Prince re-entered his vehicle and hur-  
ried off, without listening to the renewed pro-  
testations of the man of business.

What Meyer Rothschild had anticipated, duly  
came to pass. Before a week was over,  
Frankfurt was in possession of the French troops  
and the banker, who had been denounced as an  
anti-revolutionist, and an ally of the tyrants,  
found his domicile sacked, and his cash-box plun-  
dered in the name of liberty and the people.

No sooner, however, had the victors left  
Frankfurt, than Meyer Rothschild re-opened  
his banking house, finding at first credit among  
the Jews, and ultimately with all business world,  
and soon was reputed richer than ever. In 1802  
he was once more considered as one of the most  
reliable bankers in Germany.

About this time there came a short period  
of rest for the crowned heads of Germany. The  
princes of the German Confederacy rested un-  
der the high and forced protection of Napoleon.  
Raised by the will of the great commander to  
the dignity of an Elector of the German Em-  
pire, the Landgrave of Hesse received permis-  
sion to return to his dominions.

On his way he passed through Frankfurt—  
The journals had before informed him of the  
plundering of Rothschild's house, and he natu-  
rally believed his own wealth long since prey  
to Jacobins. Still he determined to visit his  
numismatic friend, if only to assure him of the  
continuance of his confidence.

"Good morning, Meyer," said the Elector,  
with a frank and hearty shake of hands. "At  
last we have peace, old friend, but costs us dear  
enough. Before you stands a ruined man, as  
poor as Job."

"What! you poor, your highness!"  
"Certainly, for have not those confounded  
sans culottes stolen my wealth along with yours!  
If I do not now too much inconvenience you, I  
should like to borrow a small advance upon the  
identity which I shall receive in Hesse-Cassel."

"An advance is not needed for your highness  
for all that you confided to my care is safe and  
untouched."

"What!" exclaimed the Prince, "and were  
you not plundered, then?"  
"The French have taken everything I had,  
and I was very careful not to excite them by  
resistance; otherwise they would have searched  
more thoroughly and might have found your  
diamonds and money where they were hidden  
in my cellar."

"How! is it possible!"  
"Yes, my surrender was a stratagem. They

never found what I had hidden. For the last  
nine years, in order to identify myself for the  
money I had lost, I have taken the liberty of  
using some of yours. All my enterprises have  
proved successful, and without embarrassing  
myself in the least, I can now return you the  
entire sum with five per cent. interest."

The Prince was deeply moved.  
"Meyer," he said, "you are the most hon-  
orable Jew I ever heard of. Keep my money,  
and continue to operate with it. From today  
for two years I want no return of it, and only  
two per cent. interest."

And thus Rothschild became a millionaire.  
Old Meyer died in 1813. Before he died he  
had five sons, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan,  
Charles and James called to his bedside. They  
received his blessing, and swore to him to be  
true to the law of Moses never to separate from  
each other, and never to undertake a great en-  
terprise without having first obtained the coun-  
sel and advice of their mother.

"Observe well these points, and you will soon  
be the richest among the rich, and the world  
will belong to you."

The old Hebrew proved a prophet. A finan-  
cial Patriarchy was founded at his grave, and  
soon erected its thrones in the five principal  
cities of Europe: Frankfurt, Vienna, Naples,  
London and Paris.

The deposit of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel  
continued to produce rich harvests to the heirs  
of Meyer Rothschild.

In 1814 at the Vienna Congress, the Elector  
related to the assembled sovereigns the story of  
the Frankfurt invasion, and of the integrity of  
the old Jew. At once the house at Frankfurt  
obtained the custom of the "Holy Alliance."  
It was commissioned with all the important loans  
which at that time were negotiated by the Em-  
perors of Russia, Austria, and the Kings of  
England, Prussia, Denmark, Naples and Sar-  
dinia. In every one of these great financial  
operations each of the five Rothschilds had a  
share.

James, the youngest of the family, received  
the loan of two hundred millions, which France  
needed, to make friends of its enemies.

Disposing over enormous capitals, the five  
brothers created active and energetic cor-  
responding agencies in every part of Europe—  
They received information of the slightest stock  
fluctuation in all the different and most remote  
places. They negotiated with the most perfect  
security; and their operations remained wrapped  
in the most impenetrable secrecy, and were  
secured by certain success in speculation of the  
money market. Three of old Meyer's sons  
were more particularly to have inherited his  
genius. These are Nathan, Solomon and James.

Nathan deserves especial mention. Scarcely  
of age in 1798 he located himself at Man-  
chester with a capital of 500,000 francs, which  
he had borrowed from the paternal coffers. In  
four years he had tripled his capital, removed  
his banking-house to London, where the extent  
of his business soon assumed perfectly gigantic  
proportions.

Nathan served his government as intermedi-  
ator with the continental powers, who at that  
time were fighting against France, and he alone  
continued to extend credit to the cabinet of St.  
James.

He was at Brussels, in 1815 during the bat-  
tle of Waterloo, and immediately after it, hast-  
ened to London, where he arrived twenty-four  
hours in advance of the official news of the vic-  
tory. During these hours he went on "Change"  
bought everything that was offered, and thus  
gained at one stroke of business thirty millions.

The invasion of 1815 quadrupled his fortune,  
and despite of the most gigantic banking un-  
dertakings, he never neglected even the small-  
est matter of business.

Physically, Nathan Rothschild had repulsive  
features. His deformity was that of the evi-  
dent parvenu. To him is ascribed the plan of  
re-uniting the children of Israel, by the banks  
of Jordan; he designed to buy from the Turks  
that country which was promised to his race.

They would then from pure gratitude, have  
made him king of Palestine; but whether they  
would have exchanged their European wealth  
and business for the land of the Bible, still re-  
mains an open question. Our lamented friend,  
the late Major Noah, was a zealous and earnest  
co-laborer of Rothschild in that cause.

Nathan married the sister of Isaac Cohen,  
who had a dowry of fifteen million francs.

James, the head of the Paris house, went  
from Vienna to Paris, to establish himself there,  
at the very moments when the scepter fell from  
the hands of Napoleon. He was the principal  
banker in the loans of the Restoration. He  
and his brother Nathan received the billion of  
war expenses, and the two billions of indemnity  
paid to the allied powers. That enormous stream  
of money flowed through their coffers, and how  
much of it remained there has never been ascer-  
tained.

After the downfall of the old dynasty, Bar-  
on James offered his gold-filled hand to the mon-  
archy of the July revolution, and the hand was  
gratefully grasped. The Baron and his wife  
now obtained the often-refused entrance at  
Court, and the Princess often appeared in the  
Rothschild's saloons.

Thus, under Louis Philippe's rule, the influ-  
ence of the Rothschilds daily and visibly in-  
creased. In fact *agio* reigned supreme, and  
even art and talent contended for the honor, and  
even in vain, to obtain the entrance into the  
hotel in the rue Lafitte, for Baron James was  
often very particular in the choice of his guests.

Only towards literature he was amiable, espe-  
cially towards H. Heine, the piquant and spi-  
rited humorist, who often had his fun, even at  
the expense of his host. Thus at the close of  
the brilliant banquet, several bottles of *Lachry-  
ma Christi* had been consumed, Rothschild said  
to the poet:

"What a peculiar name for a wine. What  
can be the origin of it?"

"The etymology is perfectly simple," re-  
plied Heine. "Christ weeps at the fact that  
Jews should drink such excellent wine."

"Deuce take your smartness," exclaimed  
Rothschild, amid the convulsive laugh that fol-  
lowed.

Ordinarily the two conversed in the German  
Jewish dialect; but Heine would never permit  
Rothschild to assume towards him the con-  
descending rabbi style he always exhibited to-  
wards others. If they had a dispute, the poet  
threatened the man of money to publish their  
conversation in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.  
The Baron immediately turned pale with ap-  
prehension, and at once took the most humble  
steps towards a reconciliation.

It is well known that since 1852, the pecu-

liar financier has become Consul General of  
Austria.

The secret history of the first half of Louis  
Philippe's reign has yet to be written, but on-  
ly one who is thoroughly acquainted with the  
life and business of Baron Rothschild will be  
able to write it correctly. At the time of the  
coalition in 1829, for instance, the millionaire  
financier alone created rain or sunshine at his  
will. The Tuilleries and the Rue Lafitte stood  
in the most intimate connection, and the Duke  
of Montpensier was one of the regular dancing  
partners of Mlle Charlotte Rothschild.

The banker-baron obtained the royal conces-  
sion for the Northern Railroad, and the demon  
of stock-jobbing awakened by him soon spread  
over the entire nation, to the injury of small  
speculators, and to the exclusive enrichment of  
the big financiers, who, it is said, divided half  
a billion among themselves.

However, there are many traits and instan-  
ces of a patriarchal benevolence to be told of  
the Prince of the Bank. When the short har-  
vest of 1846 seemed to threaten an universal  
famine in 1847, Baron Rothschild attempted to  
avert the impending evil by buying on his own  
account immense quantities of breadstuffs in Eu-  
rope and America. At the fall in Paris, grain  
and flour was then sold below the market pri-  
ces, and the profits of this immense speculation  
were to be applied to furnishing bread for all  
the needy and hungry.

A special bakery had bread to the poor at a  
very great reduction from the price charged by  
the regular bakers. But the people in this in-  
stance would not believe the benevolent inten-  
tion of the donor, raised against imaginary in-  
jury in grain, believed the most absurd and ri-  
diculous reports, among others that Rothschild  
had bought spoiled flour, and had made it palatable  
by an admixture of sweet almonds. Of course,  
they never thought that such an admixture  
would have made the bread three times as ex-  
pensive.

Those same sweet almonds of Baron Roth-  
schild contributed a good share to the Febru-  
ary revolution.

Ever ready for adding fuel to the flames; ever  
ready to excite the masses, and delighting in  
striking up mischief, the National said of the  
Baron Rothschild, that he had mixed his flour  
with the sweat of the people, which, of course,  
would have produced very objectionable bread.  
At the same time a number of pamphlets against  
Rothschild made their appearance, and whilst  
the people thus rewarded his charitable efforts,  
their benefactor in reality lost heavy sums, as  
he could not dispose of the provisions he had  
procured.

The revolution of 1848 filled the house of  
Rothschild with terror. The Baron heard that  
the rabble was burning down his country house  
and castle. With his natural shrewdness he  
perceived that his flight would be the signal for  
an unalterable confiscation of all his numerous  
possessions, and he had the courage to remain.  
Numerous anecdotes are in circulation illus-  
trative of his presence of mind and firmness dur-  
ing the trying days of '48. We will not, how-  
ever, repeat them all here. One especially has  
been often told in the papers. It relates to a  
call upon him by a rough party of Red-Republi-  
cans, demanding an equal distribution of his  
property.

He admitted their estimate of his wealth  
was correct, computed the population of France,  
among whom his property was to be equally  
distributed, and paid his revolutionary assail-  
ants two francs each, as their proper share in  
an equal distribution.

In 1850, Rothschild had given 15,000 francs;  
this was a good deal, for no one had threaten-  
ed him. In 1840, he signed 50,000 francs for  
the wounded and unemployed laborers.

At the same time his son Alphonse, who had  
just come of age, at once wrote to the Provin-  
cial Government, petitioning for his right of  
citizenship.

It is said that just at the moment when James,  
almost overcome with terror, was hesitating be-  
tween the safety of his person and his millions,  
Marc Causse made his appearance before him,  
and said:

"Citizen Rothschild, no weakness! I pledge  
myself for you!"

The banker dreamt all night of that man's  
red scarf, the pistols in his belt, and the great  
cavalry sword that dragged at his side. But  
when he saw, on the next morning, that meas-  
ures had been taken, not only to protect his  
hotel, but also his possessions in the neighbor-  
hood of the city against any attack, he discov-  
ered that the words of the Prefect of Police  
were more than idle wind. In less than a year  
after this, Causse, banished and without any  
means, came to London. Here he received a  
letter from Paris as follows:

"Sir.—Permit me to place at your disposal  
the sum of thirty thousand francs. This  
little capital may enable you, upon the hard soil  
of exile, to enter into some kind of business.  
You may return the sum in ten or twenty years,  
or whenever you like. This is a small recog-  
nition of the valuable services you have ren-  
dered to the country."

Ever yours,  
ROTHSCHILD.

At first Rothschild was very inimical to the  
Government of the second of December. He  
would most probably have been sent to Man-  
za for this, but his position as Austrian Consul  
General protected him.

He had often been bitterly reproached for  
never claiming anything for the benefit of his  
poor co-religionists.

"At least," it was said to him, "give them  
the profit of one single speculation on 'change.'"

He approved of the idea. A maneuver of  
"bulls" which he organized one fine morning,  
followed up immediately by a maneuver of  
"bears," left a net profit of 550,000 francs,  
which he at once devoted to the erection of a  
Jewish Asylum in the rue Piepue.

By his total absence of courtesy and man-  
ners, the sovereign banker has created more ill  
feelings than the loud ring of his millions has  
ever created envy. He takes a great pleasure  
in humiliating men of talent. A short time  
ago, however, on such an occasion, the imperi-  
ousness of the man of money was properly and  
spiritually reprimed.

Crémieux, who had never seen his moneyed  
co-religionist, met him one day in the syna-  
gogue, and having occasion to speak to him up-  
on matters concerning the congregation, intro-  
duced himself without ceremony, and com-  
menced to speak upon his business.

"And you really M. Crémieux!" asked  
Rothschild, measuring him with his looks from  
head to foot.

"Yes, Baron, I have already done myself  
the honor of mentioning my name."  
"Certainly! but I thought M. Crémieux, the

famous advocate, should be bigger than you  
are."

At these silly, as well as impertinent words,  
Crémieux bit his lips, but proceeded to say what  
he had to say upon business, and Rothschild  
gave clear and distinct answers.

"But are you really Baron Rothschild?"  
said Crémieux, interrupting him.

"What! do you choose to doubt it?"  
"Certainly." I thought the great Baron  
Rothschild should be a better bred man."

With this anecdote we will close the sketch  
of this family, and especially of this man, who,  
despite of the envy of the aristocracy of birth  
and genius, and simply by his shrewdness and  
the might of his millions, now for forty years  
past has controlled the destinies of our century  
more than any other power.

#### A NIGHT ON A RUSSIAN RAILWAY.

BY A BOSTON PHYSICIAN.

I left St. Petersburg for Moscow at 11 in  
the morning, in the convey, or train, in the  
second class as usual. I sat in seat No. 39.  
At the Railway Station you are taught some  
lessons which it behooves the traveler to heed,  
who lives beneath the power and protection of  
his Majesty the Czar. You are always under  
his protection, and never did I feel safer, life  
more secure, than in the crowds of the Russian  
cities, and in its country regions. Power de-  
clares itself, and is readily acknowledged—  
You enter the station with your hat on your  
head. An officer at once attempts to teach  
you that the place you have selected for it, is  
not its proper one in that particular portion of  
Russia. I walked into the station, as I should  
at home, with my hat on. A man with a  
badge of office at once came up and told me to  
take it off, or meant to do so, but I had been  
here too short a time to learn the language,  
and quietly looked at him for more definite in-  
formation. His manner grew rapidly more  
and more emphatic, but I was no wiser. At  
last he adopted the natural language of sign,  
and began fiercely to rub and raise his cap. I  
was no longer oblivious, and took off the full  
article of my out-door toilet, and for a full  
half hour stood or walked up and down this  
immense room, holding my hat, looking for a  
seat, but I found none. The railway carriages  
are long as are ours, entered at end and  
front; brake on outside, and not inside the  
carriage, as I saw was sometimes the case in  
Prussia, and elsewhere. The brakeman finds  
it very convenient, this Prussian mode. The  
handle of the brake is at the end of the seat  
on which he sits, and he has not to move in  
order to work it. This saves him much ex-  
posure to wind, cold, rain, &c. But I did not  
see how he learned what was going on outside,  
or what might happen, and thus the train might  
be driven head on to something accidentally,  
and ruinously, in the way. The carriages  
have a slight framework twice across each,  
which seems designed to prevent a collapse of  
their sides. I sat next to one of these, and  
found it a very convenient place on which to  
hang my hat, shawl, overcoat, &c., and against  
which to rest my head. Now there is an ob-  
jection to the Russian railway carriages. The  
locks do not reach as high as the head by a  
good deal, and, as the night is necessarily pass-  
ed on the road, this is not the most comfortable  
arrangement for sleeping. The stuffing is not  
as exquisite as it might be, and there are no  
window curtains. For myself, these were not  
serious annoyances. I was in very early life  
taught the advantages of the soft side of a  
board, when you were selecting one for a bed,  
and I made some arrangements for the night's  
travel. I had abundant opportunities for ob-  
serving the workings of the law